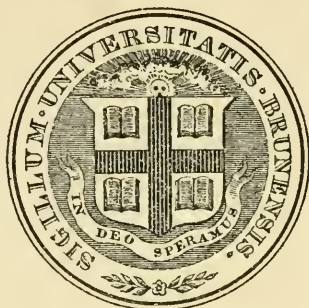


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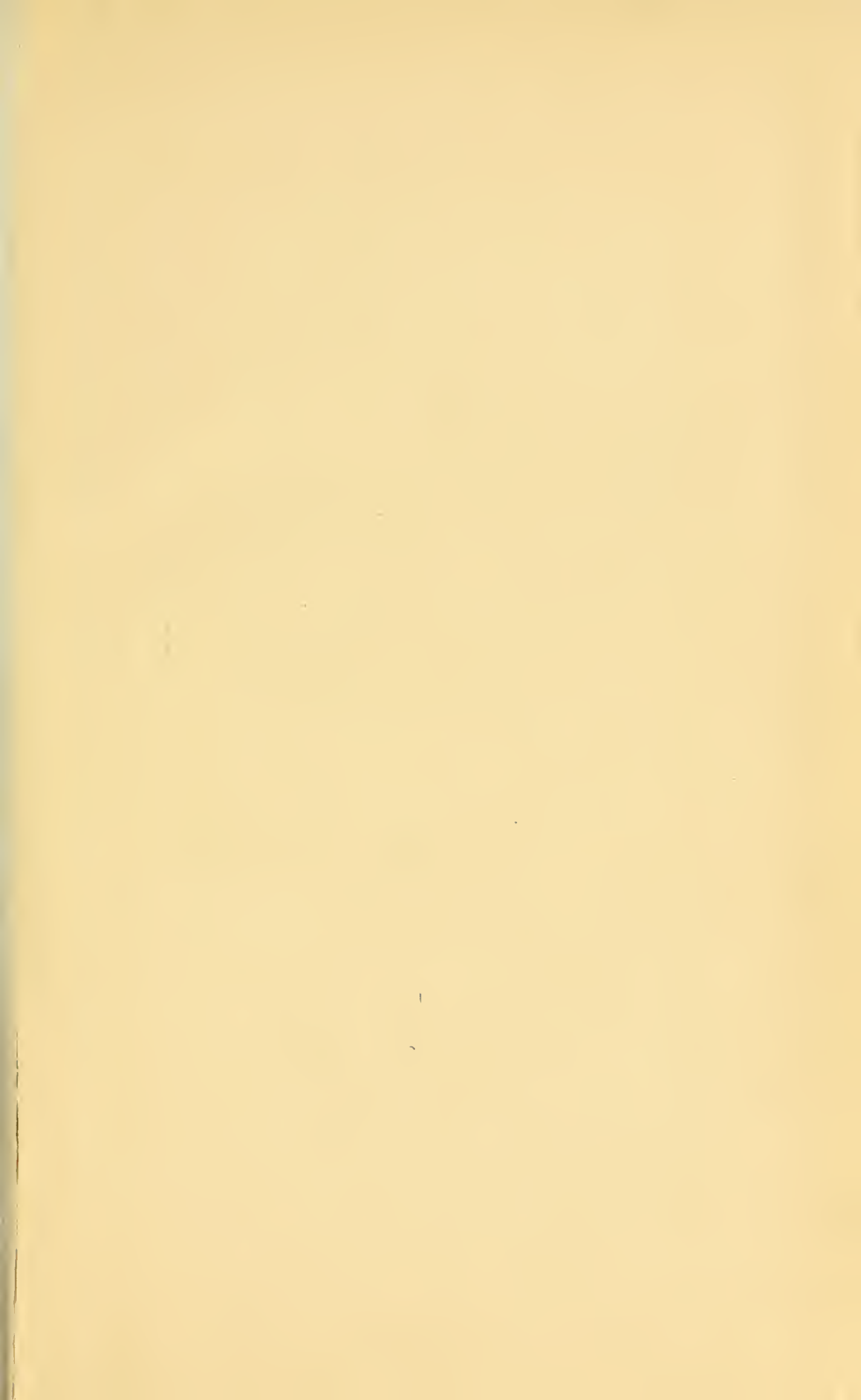
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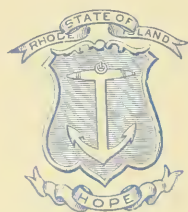


Brown
University

Presented by

Education Department





ARBOR DAY



E.L.S.

RHODE ISLAND MAY 12 1899

ARBOR DAY,

May 12, 1899.

Teachers and Pupils:

A year ago on Arbor Day we sang the praises of the lovely violet, your choice for the State flower. In like manner we had previously celebrated the merits and beauties of the State tree—the maple. In other years we have discussed the various economic and æsthetic uses of trees, the value and importance of the entire field of knowledge which pertains to trees and flowers. This year you are invited to make the personal acquaintance of some special trees,—some noted for their historic associations, others for their personal characteristics, and still others for their surroundings. Some of these worthies have indeed passed away, but they have “a name to live,” and are such an integral part of some of the most important epochs of our history that we ought not to willingly let them die.

The more one studies Nature the more does she take on, through every phase of her being, a personal character, and thus appeal to our affection and interest. Some of the finest thoughts ever uttered by the poet have been inspired by this feeling; and for many a man, grown old and gray since he turned his back upon the old homestead to win his way in the world, nothing has the power to awaken the dim memories of the past like the sight of some old tree which stands to-day, where it has stood for generations, a mute, but yet a faithful, witness of the ebb and flow of the tide of human life beneath its shadow.

History is more or less associated with trees. Not infrequently in the past have they been used to mark the boundaries between parties, or even nations. Great events in the lives of men and nations have taken place under trees, and thus have embalmed their memories in the hearts of the people. You will find in these pages accounts of a number of these historic trees. I trust you will be stimulated to such an interest in them that you will look them up more fully, and thus come to appreciate their real bearing upon the history of our country. The Newport “liberty tree,” of which you will find an account, is a striking illustration of the natural instinct of man to embody the idea of liberty with the life and growth of a tree.

In our climate we have little idea of the peculiar forms and kinds of trees which are to be found in the tropics. Accordingly you will be introduced this year to some trees so peculiar in their nature or in their shape as to almost raise the query whether they are really trees. They will serve to acquaint us with a form of vegetation very strange and unreal to us, but which, in the rapid progress of these last years of the nineteenth century, may very likely assume to some of us a very real existence.

Reference has already been made to comradeship between the poet and trees ; hence it will not surprise us to find how thoroughly trees have always entered into literature, beginning with the earliest myths. Some evidences of this fact are given you here, and a little study and reading will reveal many more.

All of this, it is hoped, will arouse in you a sentiment for trees that will grow with your growth and strengthen with your strength. A love for trees always ennobles, dignifies, and enriches a human life ; its influences are always uplifting and inspiring. Cherish it, cultivate it.

No formal programme is given this year, but a suggestive outline for each teacher to elaborate and fill in according to the circumstances of the time and place. There is abundance of material to make up a programme at once interesting and instructive alike to both pupils and parents.

In case there should be a desire for any of the music contained in any preceding programme, I shall be glad to furnish it on application.

THOMAS B. STOCKWELL,

COMMISSIONER.

"There breathes, for those who understand,
A voice from every bower and tree,
And in the work of Nature's hand
Lies Nature's best philosophy."

—*Selected.*



UTLINE PROGRAMME.....



SONG.

SCRIPTURE SELECTION.

SONG.

HISTORIC TREES.

ESSAYS. RECITATIONS. READINGS.

SONG.

FAMOUS AND CURIOUS TREES.

TREES IN HISTORY AND MYTHOLOGY.

SONG. ADDRESS. SONG.

...Planting...

SONG.

SCRIPTURE SELECTION.

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together.

That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses.

As a teil tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves : so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof.

He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest : he planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it.

In that day, saith the Lord of hosts, shall ye call every man his neighbor under the vine and under the fig tree.

I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits.

Mountains, and all hills ; fruitful trees, and all cedars :

Let them praise the name of the Lord : for his name alone is excellent ; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

A TREE'S RECORD OF ITS LIFE.

It is not known to every one that a tree keeps a record within its stem of the character of each successive season since it began its growth. If a peach tree, for instance, be examined after it has been cut down, the ring of wood formed in each year will show by its amount whether the summer of that year was warm or dry, or otherwise favorable or adverse ; and by the conditions of the wood, the character of the winter will be denoted. Severe early frost will leave a layer of soft, decaying wood ; and later frosts will be indicated by a change of color, if nothing more.

If a summer has been so dry as to cause a total rest between the growths of June and September, the annual ring for that year will be a double one, and sometimes barely distinguishable as one, but liable to be taken, by a not very close observer, for two different years' growth.

—*Arbor Day Manual*.

"The monarch Oak, the patriarch of trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees :
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state, and in three more decays."

—*Selected*.

HISTORIC TREES.

There have been no Methuselahs since the flood. Man's maximum of life is a century. Only the elephant and the tortoise feebly imitate the longevity of the antediluvians. But there are living things that outlive them all—things statelier far than the tallest man or the largest quadruped—living things that were companions of the gray-beards before Noah, from birth to death, and lived to bless their hoary-headed grandchildren. Such are now the only living links between us and the remote past. They are trees—grand old trees, about which memories cluster like the trailing vines. They are not numerous, and are therefore more precious. In the shadow of the dark forest, in the light of the lofty hills, in the warmth and beauty of the broad plains of the great globe, they stand in matchless dignity as exceptions. They are Patriarchs in the society of the vegetable kingdom, receiving the homage of myriads of children—Priests, who have ministered long and nobly at nature's altar—Kings, before whom vast multitudes have fallen prostrate—Chroniclers, within whose invisible archives are recorded the deeds of many generations of men who have risen and fallen since the ancestral seeds of the ancient trees were planted. With what mute eloquence do they address us! With what moving pathos do the trees of Olivet discourse of Jesus, his beautiful life and sublime death! How the cedars of Lebanon talk of Solomon, and Hiram, and the great Temple of the Lord in Jerusalem! How the presence of "those green-robed senators of mighty woods" stirs the spirit of worship in the human soul!

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man
learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back

The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

In our own country, and in our own time, there have been, and still are, ancient trees intimately connected with our history as colonists and as a nation, and which command the reverence of every American. The following list includes some of the more prominent trees that have been consecrated by the presence of eminent personages, or by some conspicuous event in the history of our country. They all have a place in our national history, and are inseparable from it because they were so consecrated. A knowledge of the events associated with their memories cannot but engender patriotic emotions in the breast of every true American citizen.

I. THE BIG TREE. Probably the most ancient of these living links of the Present with the Past was "The Big Tree" that stood on the bank of the Genesee River, near the village of Geneseo, New York. When the white man first saw it, it was the patriarch of the Genesee Valley, and was so revered by the Senecas that they named the beautiful savannah around it and their village near it "Big Tree." It also gave name to an eminent Seneca chief, the coadjutor and friend of Corn-planter, Half-town, Farmers-brother, and other great leaders of the warlike Seneca nation, when Sullivan, with a chastising army, swept so ruthlessly through their beautiful land in the early autumn of 1779, annihilating villages, and leaving sombre tracks of desolation behind him. that Washington, "chief of the pale-faces," who was held responsible for the act, was called, like Demetrius of old, An-na-ta-kau-les, or the "Town-Destroyer." "When your army entered the Six Nations," said Corn-planter to Washington in 1792, "we called you 'The Town Destroyer'; and to this day, when that name is heard, our women look

behind them and turn pale, and our children cling close to the necks of their mothers." The Big Tree was an oak ; and in the summer of 1857, a few weeks before its destruction, its appearance was a fair counterpart of another thus described by Spencer :

" A huge oak, dry and dead,
Still clad with reliques of its trophies old ;
Lifting to heaven its aged, hoary head ;

Whose feet on earth had got but feeble hold,
And half-disboweled stands above the ground,
With wreathed roots and naked arms."

It was in evident peril from the abrading current of the Genesee. Little of it was left but its mighty trunk. A vigorous elm, that had germinated beneath its roots, had clasped one of its larger but decayed branches, and seemed like another Aeneas piously bearing old Anchises in its filial arms. But it was a treacherous friend. It robbed the old tree of its needed sustenance, and, hour by hour, while it twined its young branches lovingly among the gnarled ones of the patriarch, it drew from it its life-blood. The trunk, when measured, was found to be twenty-six feet nine inches in circumference. Its age was doubtless more than a thousand years. During a great flood in the Genesee River, early in November, 1857, the Big Tree and the treacherous elm were swept away, and buried in the bosom of Lake Ontario.

2. THE CHARTER OAK. Doubtless next in age to the Big Tree was the famous Charter Oak, in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, which was standing in the height of its glory, and estimated to be six hundred years old, when the good Hooker and his followers planted the seeds of a Commonwealth there. It was upon a slope of Wyllys's Hill. On a stormy night—August 21, 1856—the old oak was prostrated. From pieces of the tree was made a chair now in the Senate chamber of the Capitol at Hartford, for the use of the Lieutenant-Governor. This tree once preserved the written guarantee of the liberties of the then infant colony of Connecticut. In 1687 Governor Andros, whom King James had sent across the sea to be Governor of all New England, appeared before the Connecticut Assembly, then in session in Hartford, and demanded the colony's charter. Tradition tells us that the charter was brought in and laid upon the table. In an instant all lights were extinguished and the room was wrapped in total darkness. Not a word was spoken. The candles were again lighted, but the charter had mysteriously disappeared ; and though Sir Edmund searched diligently for it, his search was in vain. Captain James Wadsworth had seized the precious charter and concealed it in a hollow in the trunk of this friendly tree. The charter was not long concealed. James was soon driven from the British throne, and Andros from New England. Eminent English jurists decided that as Connecticut had never surrendered its charter it remained in full force. It was drawn from its hiding place, and the government was immediately re-established under it. From that time until its destruction, Wyllys's venerable tree was known as the Charter Oak. An interesting fact may properly be mentioned in this connection. Charles the Second granted the charter to Connecticut, which was concealed in an oak for its preservation. Charles himself was concealed in a hollow oak eleven years before (1676) for his own preservation, after the battle of Worcester. In honor of his king, and in commemoration of this event, Dr Halley, the astronomer, named a constellation in the heavens *Robur Caroli*. The oak may be justly styled a royal tree. Spenser speaks of it as "The builder oak, sole king of forests all." It is an emblem of strength, constancy, virtue, and long life,—attributes which ought to be the characteristics of a monarch.

3. PENN'S TREATY TREE. In the summer of 1682 a small vessel called the *Welcome* sailed from England with William Penn and a company of Quakers for the shores of the Delaware Bay and River, on the borders of which lay a broad domain that had been granted to Penn by his sovereign. The settlers received him with great joy when he landed early in October. After making some arrangements with the colonists, Penn proceed up the river, in November, to Shackamaxon (now Kensington precinct, Philadelphia), and there, under the widespreading, but leafless branches of a venerable elm tree, on the bank of the Delaware, he made a treaty with the Indians, not for their lands, but of peace and friendship, the only treaty never sworn to

and never broken. "The Treaty Tree," as the great elm was ever afterward called, became an object of veneration. Penn loved the spot; and twenty years afterward, when he contemplated making his permanent residence in Pennsylvania, he tried to purchase the fine house of Thomas Fairman, by the tree, and the estate around it, considering it, he said, "one of the pleasantest situations on the river for a governor." The venerable and venerated "Treaty Tree" was protected with great care. It was not lofty, but widespread. During a gentle gale, on the night of the 3d of March, 1810, the venerable elm was prostrated. Its consecutive rings proved it to be two hundred and eighty-three years of age. The circumference of its trunk was twenty-four feet. The wood was converted by art into a great variety of forms for preservation. An arm chair was made of it and presented to the venerable Dr. Rush. The Penn Society erected a monument upon its site, with suitable inscriptions, which now stands near the intersection of Beach and Hanover streets, Kensington suburbs. The venerable Judge Peters, the esteemed personal friend of Washington, thus wrote after the tree had fallen:

' Let each take a relic from that hallowed tree,
Which, like Penn, whom it shaded, immortal shall be;
As the pride of our forests let *elms* be renowned,
For the justly-prized virtues with which they abound.

Though time has devoted our tree to decay,
The sage lessons it witnessed survive to our day;
May our trustworthy statesmen, when called to the
helm,
Ne'er forget the wise *treaty* held under the *ELM*."

4. THE WASHINGTON ELM. All strangers who visit Cambridge, Massachusetts, look with interest upon the remnants of the venerable elm tree under which Washington assumed command of the Colonial army. At about nine o'clock on the morning of the 3d of July, 1775, Washington, accompanied by the general officers of the army who were present, proceeded on foot from the quarters of the commander-in-chief to a great elm tree at the north end of Cambridge common, near which the Republican forces were drawn up in proper order. Under the shadow of that widespread tree, Washington stepped forward a few paces, made some appropriate remarks, drew his sword, and formally assumed the command of the army. It stands in the centre of a great public thoroughfare, its trunk protected by an iron fence from injury by passing vehicles, which for more than a century have turned out for this tree. But it is rapidly decaying, and the Cambridge park commissioners say that it will be impossible to save it more than a few years longer. A short time ago workmen went over the tree and cut off a considerable amount of dead wood, and there is not very much left to keep alive. It is intended to make a thorough overhauling of the tree this spring and to do everything possible to preserve it.

Under the Washington Elm, Cambridge.

April 27, 1861.

Eighty years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do,—
Cambridge, and Concord and Lexington!
When the battle is fought and won,
What shall be told of you?

Hark!—'tis the south wind moans,—
Who are the martyrs down?
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones
Of the murder-haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?
What if the green leaves fall?
Better the clashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that gnawed below;
Trample them one and all!

Then, when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree.

—Holmes.

Upon the one hundredth anniversary of the day when Washington here took command of the army the citizens of Cambridge held a celebration under the tree, and Mr. Lowell read a poem of which the following is the third part :

"Beneath our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood,
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm:—
From colleges where now the gown
To arms had yielded, from the town,
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
To bridle others' clamors and his own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them all.
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off: I seem to see
The sun flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue
And weave prophetic aureoles round his head
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the
dead.
A man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,
Blow many names out; they but fan the flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame."

5. A tree, interesting from its association with the general of the American army, is the Washington Oak at Fishkill. Washington's headquarters remained on the west bank of the Hudson, between Newburgh and New Windsor, from the spring of 1782 to August 18, 1783; and during this time he crossed the river frequently for the purpose of visiting the troops in camp upon Fishkill Plain, near the village of that name. The most convenient landing-place on the east bank was upon a long, low point of land formed to the north of the mouth of Fishkill creek, and here, according to the tradition of the locality, under two large Oak trees, Washington always mounted and dismounted from his horse as he started and returned from the camp. The tree is a Chestnut Oak, standing directly at the top of the low river bank. The trunk measured in 1890 over twenty-one feet, and judging from the age of its companion, which was blown down a few years since, eight or ten centuries may have passed since the acorn from which it sprang fell to the ground.

6. THE ASH TREES PLANTED BY GENERAL WASHINGTON AT MT. VERNON. These trees form a beautiful row, which is the admiration of all who visit the home of the Father of his Country.

7. THE WASHINGTON CYPRESS. This is a lofty Cypress tree in the Dismal Swamp under which Washington reposed one night in his young manhood.

8. LIBERTY TREES. It was the custom of our New England ancestors to plant trees in the early settlement of our country, and dedicate them to liberty. Many of these "Liberty Trees" consecrated by our forefathers are still standing. "Old Liberty Elm" in Boston was planted by a schoolmaster long before the Revolutionary War, and dedicated by him to the independence of the colonies. Around that tree, before the Revolution, the citizens of Boston and vicinity used to gather and listen to the advocates of our country's freedom. Around it, during the war, they met to offer up thanks and supplications to Almighty God for the success of the patriot armies; and after the terrible struggle had ended the people were accustomed to assemble there year after year, in the shadow of the old tree, to celebrate the liberty and independence of our country. It stood till within a few years, a living monument of the patriotism of the people of Boston, and when at last it fell, the bells in all the churches of the city were tolled, and a feeling of sadness spread over the city and state of Massachusetts, and in fact the whole United States felt a thrill of lofty patriotism and sad devotion when the news was spread over all the land that the Old Liberty Elm had fallen. A monument imperishable now marks the spot where the old tree stood.

9. Perhaps no spot in Newport is of more historic interest than that at the head of Thames street where stands the "Liberty Tree." The present tree has marked the spot but little less than a quarter of a century, but it replaces one which marked an important epoch, not only in the history of Newport, but in the history of America and England as well. How sharp a contrast the friendly relations existing between these two countries to-day form to the hostile attitude of the days when the first Liberty tree was planted. In April, 1766, one William Read, a loyal citizen of Newport, deeded "a piece of land in triangular shape" which stood at the junction of Thames and Farewell streets, to William Ellery, John Collins, Robert Cooke, and Samuel Fowler, to be held in trust by them and their successors for the use of the Sons of Liberty, and the tree thereon was to remain as a monument of the spirited and noble opposition made to the Stamp Act, in 1765, by the Sons of Liberty, Newport, and it was to be considered as emblematic of public liberty. The tree so generously given was dedicated amidst great and enthusiastic demonstrations of joy and remained flourishing until the occupancy of Newport by the British during the War of the Revolution, at which time the tree was destroyed by them. In 1783, when this country was for the time at peace with the world, and when her national independence had been recognized by the foreign powers, several citizens of Newport planted another tree. This tree flourished for many years until it began to decay, when it was found necessary to cut it down. No tree was planted to replace it until 1876, in which year the Newport Historical society appointed a committee to confer with the trustee of the property as to the advisability of again planting a tree on this historic spot. This conference resulting in a decision favorable to the project, the tree, a fine, young English oak, was planted and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies

Dedication of the Liberty Tree, Newport, August 28, 1876.

By Rev. Chas. T. Brooks.

I.

We stand on consecrated ground;
Unfading memories gather round
This old historic spot;
While to the sea the rivers run,
The work these waters saw begun,
Still handed down from sire to son,
Shall never be forgot.

II.

Those daring Sons of Liberty
Whose bold act startled shore and sea,
Lit by the Gaspee's blaze,
In the broad glare of that bright flame,
On fair Columbia's roll of fame
Each wrote in large a deathless name
For all the coming days.

III.

The sentinel, whose aged form
Stood here for years in sun and storm,
Has crumbled long ago.
And with that patriot band of old,
Whose daring deeds he mutely told,
Now mingling with the common mould—
He, too, in dust lies low.

IV.

Yet, though the tree our sires set here,
And children's children long held dear,
No more on earth is seen,

The breastplate that old sentry wore,
The names upon his heart he bore,
Still stand, to keep forevermore
The brave men's memory green.

V.

And when, beneath propitious skies,
This infant tree to manly size
By help of heaven shall grow,
Then on its breast shall reappear
That venerable tablet here,
And still to every coming year
Its patriot record show.

VI.

A hundred years the work has stood
Our fathers hallowed with their blood,
And here to-day we stand
To dedicate anew a tree
In memory of the brave and free,
And in the hope Heaven's cause to see
Bloom freshly in our land.

VII.

An English oak ! may Heaven fulfill
This happy omen of good will
While year on year rolls round !
'Twas from un-English tyranny
Our fathers battled to be free;
That freedom sought they o'er the sea,
That freedom here they found.

VIII.

Our dear New England earth ! this tree
Of true Old English liberty
We to thy care consign;
And may the next centennial year
Behold it high its branches rear,
And children's children proudly here
Their festal garlands twine.

IX.

And may the morn of that blest day
See the last war-cloud swept away,
And earth, from sea to sea,
And every sea, from shore to shore,
Breathe grateful notes the wide world o'er,
And land with land dwell evermore,
United, peaceful, free !

10. THE RHODE ISLAND SYCAMORE. The voyager up Narragansett Bay from Newport to Providence will observe the bald appearance of Rhode Island. The absence of forests, or large trees singly or in groups, excites curiosity and commands remark. Doubtless few travelers are aware that this baldness is the effect of the desolation wrought by the British while for three years they occupied Rhode Island. Necessity and wantonness went hand in hand in the work of demolition; and when in October, 1779, they left the Island, one solitary tree, an aged Sycamore, was all they had left of stately groves and patches of fine forest that had beautified the Island. That majestic Sycamore was doubtless many hundred years old. It may have been there when the Scandinavian sea kings trod the forests around it. It was there when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and when Roger Williams seated himself at Providence, that he might enjoy perfect freedom in the wilderness. No doubt the eyes of Philip of Mount Hope, and Canonchet of Canonicut, of Witamo, and Miantonomi of the beautiful Aquiday, have looked upon that patriarch, which stood upon that gentle eastern slope of the Island, a solitary survivor of the primeval forest. One who saw the tree a few years before it fell thus describes it. It was thirty-two feet in circumference within twelve inches of the ground. The storm had riven its trunks and topmost branches, and it was the picture of a desolated Anak of the woods; yet it seemed to be filled with vigor that promised it life for centuries to come. The tree finally became rotten at the heart and blew down, probably in the September gale of 1869. It stood upon the estate of Vacluse, the property of Thomas R. Hazard, between his fine mansion and the Seaconnet or Eastern Channel. Seaconnet Channel, just below Vacluse, was the scene of one of the most dashing exploits of the Revolutionary war. The British had blocked it up with a floating battery, the Pigot, armed with twelve eight-pounders and ten swivels. Captain Silas Talbot undertook the capture of the Pigot. Embarking sixty men on the Hawk, a coasting schooner, armed, besides small arms, only with three three-pounders, he sailed down under cover of darkness, grappled the enemy, boarded, drove the crew below, coiled the cables over the hatchway to secure his prisoners, and carried off his prize to Stonington. The destruction of wood on Rhode Island at that time was the cause of great distress to the loyal inhabitants who returned at the opening of the severely cold winter of 1780. Fuel was so scarce that wood sold in Newport for twenty dollars a cord.

11. There is a Weeping Willow in Copp's burying-ground, near Bunker Hill, that has grown from a branch taken from a tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. Under this tree are buried the remains of Cotton Mather, so noted in Salem witchcraft. Copp's burying-ground is so near the Bunker Hill battlefield that a number of gravestones can be seen to-day which were pierced through by bullets fired by British soldiers in that battle.

12. "The Cary Tree" planted by Alice and Phoebe Cary. As these sisters were returning from school one day they found a small tree in the road, and carrying it to the opposite side dug out the earth with sticks and their hands, and planted it. When these two children had grown to womanhood and removed to New York city, they never returned to their old home without paying a visit to the tree they had planted. That tree is the large and beautiful Sycamore which one sees in passing along the Hamilton turnpike from College Hill to Mount Pleasant, Hamilton county, Ohio.

13. Other familiar trees are, the wide spreading Oak tree of Flushing, Long Island, under which George Fox, the founder of the society of Friends or Quakers preached.

14. "The Burgoyne Elm" at Albany, which was planted on the day the British General, Burgoyne, was brought a prisoner into the city, the day after the surrender.

15. The magnificent Black Walnut tree, near Haverstraw on the Hudson, under which General Wayne mustered his force at midnight, preparatory to his successful attack at Stony Point.

16. The huge French Apple tree near Fort Wayne, Indiana, where Little Turtle, the great Miami chief, gathered his warriors.

17. The grand Magnolia tree, near Charleston, South Carolina, under which General Lincoln held a council of war previous to surrendering the city.

18. The tall Pine tree at Fort Edward, New York, under which the beautiful Jane McCrea was slain.

19. The great Pecan tree at Villere's plantation, below New Orleans, under which a portion of the remains of General Packerham was buried.

20. The pear trees planted respectively by Governor Endicott of Massachusetts and Governor Stuyvesant of New York, more than two hundred years ago; Gate's Weeping Willow, New York city, a grandchild of Pope's Weeping Willow at Twickenham; Pontiac's Memorial tree, a great whitewood tree in Detroit near which occurred a battle with the Indians; the Tory Tulip tree on King's Mountain battlefield, in South Carolina, upon which ten Tories were hung at one time; Arnold's Willow, on the Hudson, nearly opposite West Point; Balm of Gilead tree, Fort Edward.

[Additional information and items of interest may be found in *Harper's Magazine*, issue of May, 1862; and *Skinner's Arbor Day Manual*.]

"Thank God for the noble trees;
How stately, strong, and grand
These bannered giants lift their crests
O'er all this beauteous land."
—*Selected*.

Trees.

Tune.—"The Morning Light is Breaking."

I love to watch the shadows
That play o'er hill and plain;
I love the grassy meadows,
The fields of golden grain;
I love the birds and flowers,
But better far than these
I love the shady bowers
Of friendly forest trees.
—*Poetry of Flowerland*.

CLASS EXERCISE.

First Pupil—

In history we often see
 The record of a noted tree.
 We'll now some history pages turn
 And note what trees we there discern:
 And foremost of this famous band
 We think the Charter Oak should stand.
 We love to read the story o'er,
 How Andros came from England's shore
 As governor in this new land,
 And ruled it with a tyrant hand;
 How, when he came to Hartford town
 Demanding with a haughty frown
 The charter of the people's rights,
 All suddenly out went the lights;
 And e'er again they reappeared,
 The charter to their hearts endeared
 Lay safely in this hollow tree,
 Guard of the people's liberty.
 All honor, then, to Wadsworth's name,
 Who gave the Charter Oak its fame.

Second Pupil—

Another very famous tree
 Was called the Elm of Liberty.
 Beneath its shade the patriots bold
 For tyranny their hatred told.
 Upon its branches high and free
 Were often hung in effigy
 Such persons as the patriots thought
 Opposed the freedom that they sought.
 In wartime, oft beneath this tree
 The people prayed for victory;
 And when at last the old tree fell
 There sadly rang each Boston bell.

Third Pupil—

In Cambridge there is standing yet
 A tree we never should forget;
 For here, equipped with sword and gun,
 There stood our honored Washington,
 When of the little patriot band
 For freedom's cause he took command.
 Despite its age—three hundred years—
 Its lofty head it still uprears;
 Its mighty arms extending wide,
 It stands our country's boasted pride.

Fourth Pupil—

When, in spite of pride, pomp, and boast,
 Burgoyne surrendered with his host,
 And then was brought to Albany
 A prisoner of war to be,
 In gratitude for his defeat,
 That day, upon the city street
 An elm was planted, which they say
 Still stands in memory of that day.

Fifth Pupil—

Within the Quaker City's realm,
 There stood the famous Treaty Elm.
 Here, with its sheltering boughs above,
 Good William Penn, in peace and love,
 The Indians met, and there agreed
 Upon that treaty which we read
 Was never broken, though no oath
 Was taken—justice guiding both.
 A monument now marks the ground
 Where once this honored tree was found.

Sixth Pupil—

Within a city of the dead,
 Near Bunker Hill, just at the head
 Of Cotton Mather's grave, there stands
 A weeping willow which fond hands
 Brought from Napoleon's grave, they say,
 In St. Helena, far away.

Seventh Pupil—

I'll tell you of a sycamore,
 And how two poets' names it bore;
 Upon Ohio's soil it stands,
 'Twas placed there by the childish hands
 Of sister poets, and is known
 As Alice and Phoebe Cary's own.
 One day, when little girls, they found
 A sapling lying on the ground;
 They planted it with tenderest care
 Beside this pleasant highway, where
 It grew and thrived and came to be,
 To all around, the Cary Tree.

Eighth Pupil—

In New York city proudly stand
 Thirteen monarchs, lofty, grand.
 Their branches tow'ring toward the sun
 Are monuments of Hamilton,
 Who planted them in pride that he
 Had won our cause and liberty—
 A tribute, history relates,
 To the original thirteen states.

All—

We reverence these famous trees,
 What better monuments than these?
 How fitting on each Arbor Day
 That we a grateful tribute pay
 To poet, statesman, author, friend;
 To one whose deeds our hearts commend,
 As lovingly we plant a tree
 Held sacred to his memory;
 A fresh memorial, as each year
 New life and buds and leaves appear,—
 A living monumental tree,
 True type of immortality!

—Ada Simpson Sherwood.

FAMOUS AND CURIOUS TREES.

The cedars of Mount Lebanon are, perhaps, the most renowned and the best known monuments in the world. Religion, poetry, and history have all united to make them famous. There are about four hundred of these trees, disposed in nine groups, now growing on Mount Lebanon. They are of various sizes, ranging up to over forty feet in girth.

A few miles out of the city of Mexico stands a gnarled old cypress, called the tree of *Triste Noche*. It was under this tree Cortez sat and wept on that memorable *Triste Noche* when driven from the Mexican capital by the Indians.

Another interesting tree to be seen in Mexico is found at Chapultepec, that delightful summer resort of the Mexican rulers from the time of the Montezumas. The tree in question stands a few feet from the entrance way, and is draped with the lovely Spanish moss. It is also a cypress of immense size; so large is it that a party of thirteen could just reach around it. It is known as the tree of Montezuma, and no doubt he often sat under its shade when rustivating in this lovely spot.

In England there are still in existence many trees that serve to link the far off past with the living present. Some of them are witnesses of the fierce struggle between Norman and Saxon when William the Conqueror planted his standard—"the three-bannered lions of Normandy old"—upon English soil. Then there is the King's Oak, at Windsor, which, tradition informs us, was a great favorite with William when that bold Norman first inclosed the forest for a royal hunting ground. The Conqueror loved to sit in the shade of the lofty, spreading tree and muse—upon what? Who knows what fancies filled his brain, what feelings stirred his proud spirit, what memories, what regrets, thrilled his heart, as he sat there in the solitude? Over eight hundred years have rolled away since the Norman usurper fought the sturdy Saxon, and, for conqueror as for conquered, life and its ambitions and its pangs ended long ago; but the mighty oak, whose greenness and beauty were a delight to the Conqueror, still stands in Windsor forest. Eight centuries ago its royal master saw it a "goodly tree." How old is it now?

Older even than this are the oaks near Croydon, nine miles south of London. If the botanist may judge by the usual evidences of age, these trees saw the glitter of the Roman spears as the legions of the empire wound their way through the forest paths or in the green open spaces in the woodland. Now the Roman legions left Britain fourteen centuries ago, having been summoned home to Rome because the empire was in danger—in fact, was hastening to its fall. Have fourteen centuries spared these oaks at Croydon?

There is a famous yew that must not go without notice in our record of ancient trees. This venerable tree stands in its native field, ever green and enduring, as if the years had forgotten it. Yet it was two centuries old when, in the adjacent meadow, King John signed Magna Charta. If we bear in mind that in 1215 the stout English barons compelled their wicked king to sign the Great Charter, protecting the rights of his subjects, we may conclude that this patriarch yew is at least eight hundred fifty years old.

The Parliament Oak—so called because it is said that Edward I, who ruled England from 1272 to 1307, once held a parliament under its branches—is believed to be fifteen hundred years old. If Fine-Ear of the fairy tale could come and translate for us the whispers of these ancient English trees, and tell us ever so little of what the stately monarchs of the wood have seen, what new histories might be written, what old chronicles reversed!

But beside historical trees there are many others that attract our attention from their great size or curious properties. Among the former are the wonderful trees of California, some of which are from three to five hundred feet in height and twenty to twenty-five feet in diameter. A section of one of these trees was at one time exhibited in San Francisco, in which was a room carpeted and containing a piano and seats for forty people; a hundred and forty children once filled the room without crowding.

Among the curious trees may be mentioned the Cow tree, or *Palo de Vaca*, of the Cordilleras, which grows at a height of three thousand feet above sea level. It is a lofty tree, with laurel-like leaves, and though receiving no moisture for seven months of the year, when its trunk is tapped a bountiful stream of milk bursts forth. It flows most freely at sunrise, when the natives may be seen coming from all directions with pans and pails to catch the milk, which is said to have a pleasant, sweet taste, but becomes thick and yellow in a short time and soon turns into cheese.

Then there is the Bread Fruit tree, one of the most curious as well as useful trees of the Pacific Islands. The fruit which is about the size of a cocoanut, should be gathered before it is ripe, and be baked like hoe-cake. When properly cooked it resembles and tastes like good wheat bread.

Another very curious tree is the Candle-nut tree, of the South Sea Islands, the fruit of which is heart shaped and about the size of a walnut. From the fruit is obtained an oil used both for food and light. The natives of the Society Islands remove its shell and slightly bake the kernels, which they string on rushes and keep to be used as torches. Five or six in a Screw Pine leaf are said to give a brilliant light.

Weeping Trees are found in the forests of Washington and British Columbia. These trees drip copiously during clear, bright days, when no dew is visible elsewhere. The dripping is so profuse that the ground is almost saturated. The phenomenon in this case is caused by the remarkable condensing power of the leaves of the fir. The dripping ceases after 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, but resumes at or near sunset. In the Island of Ferro there is a weeping tree that supplies all the men and beasts of the island with drink, there being no other available water supply.

The Baobab or Monkey Bread must be the queerest of trees. It grows to the height of forty feet, but its girth is entirely out of proportion to its height, some trees being thirty feet in diameter. An old baobab in Africa is more like a forest than a single tree. Their age is incalculable. Humboldt considers them the oldest living organic monument of our planet. It produces fruit about a foot long which is edible.

The Musical Tree has a peculiar shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these gives out the sound which gives the tree its name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island a constant moaning, deep-toned noise is heard from it, which, in the still hours of night, has a weird and unpleasant effect.

The Bottle Tree of Australia is among the most singular specimens of vegetable life. As the name implies, it is bottle shaped, increasing in girth several feet from the ground and then tapering toward the top where it divides into two or more huge branches, bearing foliage composed of narrow lance-shaped leaves from four to seven inches long. It sometimes grows to the height of sixty feet and measures thirty-five feet around the trunk.

The Angry Tree is a native of Australia. It reaches the height of eighty feet after a rapid growth, and in outward appearance somewhat resembles a gigantic century plant. When the sun sets the leaves fold up and the tender twigs coil tightly, like a little pig's tail. If the shoots are handled the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this queer plant is moved from

one pot to another it seems angry, and the leaves stand out in all directions like quills on a porcupine. A most pungent and sickening odor, said to resemble that given off by rattlesnakes when annoyed, fills the air, and it is only after an hour or so that the leaves fold in a natural way.

The Whistling Tree is a species of acacia which grows in Nevada and the Soudan, and which derives its name from the peculiar sound emitted by the branches when swayed by the wind. The tree is infested with insects, whose eggs are deposited in the young shoots and extremities of the branches. When the larva emerges from this nidus, it leaves a small circular hole, the action of the wind in which produces a whistling sound, like that made by blowing any hollow pipe. When the wind is violent the noise caused by thousands of these natural flutes is most remarkable.

The Stinging Tree is found in Queensland. It emits a peculiar and disagreeable smell, but is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, and, having a point at the top, is jagged all around the edge like a nettle. A traveler says, "I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony, after being stung. I have known a horse so completely mad, after getting into a grove of these trees, that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot. Dogs when stung will rush about, whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected parts."

The Traveler's Tree is a native of Madagascar. Its stem is crowned with long leaves which grow out on each side of the stem towards the top, in the shape of a fan. The leaves are of enormous size, varying from ten to fifteen feet in length. They are used for thatching houses; but what gives them great fame, and confers its popular name on the tree, is their property of retaining water. Even in the driest weather a quart of water can be obtained by piercing a hole at the bottom of each leaf stalk, and the liquid is always pleasant and pure to the taste. This tree is sometimes called the "traveler's fountain," and sometimes the "fan palm."

The Needle and Thread Tree has large, thick, fleshy leaves which would remind one of the "prickly pear." The "needles" of this peculiar tree are set along the edges of the leaves. In order to obtain one ready for sewing, it is necessary to push the needle gently backward into the fleshy sheath (this to loosen it from the tough outside covering of the leaf) and then pull it gently from the socket. If this be properly done, one hundred or more fine fibres will adhere to the thorn, like so many delicate spider webs. By twisting the needle while "drawing," the thread can be made of any length. The air upon the fibres toughens them amazingly, so that thread not larger than common No. 40 is capable of sustaining a weight of five pounds, about three times as strong as "six-cord" spool cotton.

The Grass Tree is found in Australia. It has tufts at the top resembling small palms, and flowers in the centre of the tufts. The inner leaves are used for food. Medicine is made from its resinous juice. It is supposed, like our oak, to live for hundreds of years. The leaves of some of the species are used for fodder.

—*Arbor Day Manual. Poetry of Flowerland. New York Arbor Day Annual.*

Most of the famous carvings at Windsor castle were made in linden wood.

"Smooth Linden best obeys
The carver's chisel; best his curious work
Displays in nicest touches."

—*Selected.*

TREES OF HISTORY AND MYTHOLOGY.

A youth once rode into a forest and asked of the trees :

<p>“ O, if ye have a singing leaf, I pray thee give it me, But the trees all kept their counsel, They said neither yea nor nay; Only there sighed from the pine tops</p>	<p>The music of seas far away; Only the aspen pattered With a sound like the growing rain, That fell fast and ever faster Then faltered to silence again.”</p>
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Tennyson tells us of the talking oak, but to us, who are less fortunate in poetic imagery, the trees are speechless ; if the birds understand the language of rustling leaves, they keep it a secret from us, who would fain open and read this page in nature's volume.

Sacred history is full of allusions to trees in their various stages of growth and abundance. The first sin of our common mother was in partaking of the forbidden fruit from the tree in the garden of Paradise. At the foot of Mount Lebanon eight gigantic cedars stand as the only representatives of the once immense forests. The prophecy concerning them has come to pass, “ They shall be few that a child may count them.” The Olive, the Fig, and the Oak are likewise often referred to in the sacred scriptures. We read of the righteous as representing a tree of life, and they are declared to be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, while the wicked are likened to a Green Bay tree, and the ungodly to an Oak whose leaf fadeth. The Green Bay tree is a species of Laurel. Pliny collected and recorded the information and opinions concerning it current in his time. It was held sacred to Apollo, and used as a symbol of victory. It was used by the Romans to guard the gates of Cæsar, and that worn by Augustus and his successors had a miraculous history,—the grove at the imperial villa having grown from a shoot sent by Livius Drusilla from heaven.

Among the Indians of Brazil there is a tradition that the whole human race sprang from a Palm tree. It has been a symbol of excellence for things good and beautiful. Among the ancients it was an emblem of victory, and, as such, was worn by the early Christian martyrs, and has been found sculptured on their tombs. The Mohammedans venerate it. Certain trees, said to have been propagated from some originally planted by the prophet's daughter, are held sacred and the fruit sold at enormous prices. The day upon which Christ entered Jerusalem, riding upon the colt of an ass, is called Palm Sunday, being first day of the Holy Week. In Europe real Palm branches are distributed among the people. Goethe says :

“ In Rome, on Palm Sunday,
They have the true palms,
The cardinals bow reverently
And sing old psalms.”

Elsewhere these songs are sung 'mid Olive branches ; more southern climes must be content with the sad Willow.

The books relating to the religion of Buddha were nearly all of them written upon the leaves of the Fan Palm, and by missionaries they have been used in the place of paper. The noble aspect of this tree, together with its surpassing utility, has caused it to be called “ the prince of the vegetable kingdom,” and it has been immortalized in history, mythology, and poetry.

A Cypress tree in Somma, Lombardy, is said to have been standing since the time of Julius Cæsar. Napoleon, in making a road over the Simplon, deviated from a straight line, that he might not be obliged to cut it down. Cypress wood is very enduring, and for this reason, no doubt, it was used for mummy cases and statues. Pliny tells us a statue of Jupiter carved from cypress wood remained standing for six hundred years. In Turkish cemeteries it is a rule to plant a tree of this variety at every interment.

Cypanissus, a beautiful youth, was transformed into a cypress by Apollo, that he might grieve all the time. The cypress is an emblem of mourning, and Scott thus writes :

"When Villagers my shroud bestrew
With Pansies, Rosemary, and Rue,
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the Cypress tree."

There is a familiar legend about the Black Thorn, a species of the plum. It is said that Joseph of Aramathea planted his staff, that it grew, put forth its blossoms every Christmas day afterward until it was destroyed by a Puritan soldier, who was wounded by a splint from the tree and died from its effects.

Branches of the White Thorn were used for the nuptial chaplets of Athenian brides, and a tree of this variety is still alive that was planted by Mary, Queen of Scots.

There is a tradition among the French peasantry that groans and cries issue from the Hawthorn on Good Friday, doubtless arising from the superstition that Christ's crown of thorns was made from this bush.

The legend that the cross of Jesus was made of Aspen wood, and hence its leaves were doomed to tremble, has led an unknown poet to show his ignorance of the true cause in the following lines :

"Ah, tremble, tremble, Aspen tree,
I need not ask thee why thou shakest,
For if, as holy legend saith,
On thee the Savior bled to death,
No wonder, Aspen, that thou quakest,
And till in judgement all assemble,
Thy leaves, accursed, shall wail and tremble."

The real cause of the mobility depends on the fact that the leaf stalk of the Poplar is flattened laterally, and even the slightest wind produces a motion. Since this is so, we may be sure that the Aspen will continue to wail and tremble, but not because its leaves are accursed.

There is an island in Lake Wetter, Scotland, upon which stood twelve majestic Beech trees, called the twelve apostles. A jealous peasant cut one of them down, thus effacing from the group the traitor, Judas, who, he declared, should have no lot with the faithful.

In Latin myths, the Fig tree was held sacred to Bacchus, and employed in religious ceremonies. A tree of this variety is said to have overshadowed Romulus and Remus, the twin founders of Rome, in the wolf's cave. The sacred Fig is chiefly planted in India as a religious object, being regarded as sacred by both Brahmas and Buddhists. A gigantic tree of this variety, growing in Ceylon, is said to be one of the oldest trees in the world, and, if tradition is to be trusted, it grew from a branch of the tree under which Gautama Buddha became endued with divine powers, and has always been held in the highest veneration.

—F. L. Sheldon. (*Arbor Day Manual*.)

What should I tell you more of it?
There are so many trees yet,
That I should all encumbered be
Ere I had reckoned every tree.

—Chaucer.

SELECTIONS.

Memorial Trees.

You've heard of trees of Liberty ;
Of battle trees you've heard,
That celebrate some victory,
Though sheltering beast and bird
As if no other, loftier thrill
Their sluggish sap had stirred !

You've read about the Charter Oak, —
About Penn's Treaty tree,
And how the Red Men never broke
Their pledge of amity ;
And all about the Boston Elm
Of great celebrity.

And yet,—and yet there were some trees
Two hundred years ago,
More consecrated than were these
Of which we're proud to know ;
For Gratitude had planted them,
And Love had made them grow.

In Natick, Massachusetts state,
Two mission preachers taught,
And friendly Indians, soon or late,
In awe and wonder sought
To learn the truths of Peace and Right
The pale-faced men had brought.

In council, then, they planned some gift
Those mission-men to please ;
No bear's meat, furs, nor wampum belts
Their grateful hearts would ease ;
At last, they plant before each door
Two trees, named " Friendship Trees."

And so, of all historic trees
Made famous long ago,
None were so sacred, quite, as these
That Red Men did bestow ;
For Gratitude had planted them,
And Love had made them grow.

—*Maria Barrett Butler.*

Trees in the City.

'Tis beautiful to see a forest stand,
Brave with its moss-grown monarchs and the pride
Of foliage dense, to which the south wind bland
Comes with a kiss, as lover to his bride ;
To watch the light grow fainter, as it streams
Through arching aisles, where branches interlace,
Where sombre pines rise o'er the shadowy gleams
Of silver birch, trembling with modest grace.

But they who dwell beside the stream and hill
Prize little treasures there so kindly given ;
The song of birds, the babbling of the rill,
The pure unclouded light and air of heaven.
They walk as those who seeing, cannot see,
Blind to this beauty even from their birth :
We value little blessings ever free ;
We covet most the rarest things of earth.

But rising from the dust of busy streets
These forest children gladden many hearts ;
As some old friend their welcome presence greets
The toil worn soul, and fresher life imparts.
Their shade is doubly grateful when it lies
Above the glare which stifling walls throw back ;
Through quivering leaves we see the soft blue skies,
Then happier tread the dull, unvaried track.

—*Alice B. Neal.*

The Growth and Age of Trees.

Than a tree, a grander child the earth has not.
What are the boasted palaces of man,
Imperial city, or triumphal arch,
To forests of innumerable extent,
Which time confirms, which centuries waste not ?
Oaks gather strength for ages, and when at last
They wane, so beauteous in decrepitude,
So grand in weakness, e'en in their decay
So venerable, 'twere sacrilege t'escape
The consecrating touch of time. Time watched
The blossom on the parent bough: Time saw
The acorn loosen from the spray: Time passed
While springing from its swaddling sheath yon oak,
The cloud-crowned monarch of our woods, by thorns
Environed, 'scaped the raven's bill, the tooth
Of goat and deer, the schoolboy's knife, and sprang
A royal hero from his nurse's arms.
Time gave it seasons, and time gave it years,
Ages bestowed, and centuries grudged not:
Time knew the sapling when gay summer's breath
Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after
Tempests moved not: Time hollowed in its trunk
A tomb for centuries, and buried there
The epochs of the rise and fall of states,
The fading generations of the world, the memory of
men.

—*Hurdiss.*

Beautiful Trees.

Nature's children, beautiful trees!
Whose branches bow to the gentle breeze;
Maple, beech, oak, and elm,
In every country, in every realm,
In lonely valley, on mountain side,
They tower aloft in stately pride,
In pastures, meadow, and forest dell,
Dear old landmarks! we love them well.

Along the highway dusty and dreary,
How welcome their shade to the trav'ler weary;
Beneath their green boughs in the dim twilight,
Youth and maid oft linger their vows to plight,
And the old, old story that ever is new
Is told 'neath the hawthorn, maple, and yew.

—From "*Arbor Day Manual*."

Where would the birds build their curious nests,—
Humming-bird, oriole, robin redbreast,—
Away from the school boys' eyes so keen,
Save in the tree top's leafy screen?
How could we build our houses grand,
If trees grew not in every land?
Our beautiful trees stately and tall
Must help to build schoolhouse, church, and hall.

They've waved their green banners since the begin-
ning of time,
Their uses are many, their mission sublime,
Pure and noble as all men should be,
Honest and upright like a proud forest tree;
Let us ever be grateful for blessings like these,
Let us honor and love God's beautiful trees.

—A. L. R.

The Aspen Tree.

Why tremble so, broad aspen tree?
Why shake thy leaves ne'er ceasing?
At rest thou never seem'st to be,
For when the air is still and clear,
Or, when the nipping gale, increasing,
Shakes from thy boughs soft twilight's tear,
Thou tremblest still, broad aspen tree,
And never tranquil seem'st to be.

—Doane.

"Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound,"

—Longfellow.

Behold the trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful, in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sombre yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with widespread boughs.

—Dyer.

"In such green palaces the first kings reigned;
Slept in their shade, and angels entertained,
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred shades grew wise."

—*Arbor Day Manual*.

No tree in all the grove but has its charms
Though each its hue peculiar.

—Cowper.

"I said I will not walk with men to-day
But I will go among the blessed trees—
Among the forest trees I'll take my way
And they shall say to me what words they please.

"And when I came among the trees of God,
With all their million voices, sweet and blest,
They gave me welcome. So I slowly trod
Their arched and lofty aisles, with heart at rest.

"Then all around me as I went
Their loving arms they lightly bent,
And all around leaf voices low
Were calling, calling, soft and low."

—From "*The Trees*."

The Olive Tree.

The palm—the vine—the cedar—each hath power
 To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by ;
 And each quick glistening of the laurel bower
 Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye,
 But thou, pale olive ! in thy branches lie
 For deeper spells than prophet grove of old
 Might e'er enshrine : I could not hear thee sigh
 To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
 One shiver of thy leaves' dim, silvery green,
 Without high thoughts and solemn of that scene
 When, in the garden, the Redeemer prayed,—
 When pale stars looked upon His fainting head,
 And angels, ministering in silent dread,
 Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling shade.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Our Land.

Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
 Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
 And yet, till time shall fold his wing,
 Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

—*Wm. Jewett Pabodie.*

Our Very Best.

(*For very little children*).

To be as great as Washington,
 We could not if we would,
 So we've made up our minds
 To try to be as good.

—*Selected.*

The Arch of Elms.

At noontide, on a sultry day,
 Two travelers walked a shady way,
 Where elm trees lifted high an arch,
 That fiercest sun-rays could not parch;
 Said one; "God bless the kindly hand
 That set this archway cool and grand!"
 The other cried: "Ah, who can say
 What comfort yields this leafy way!
 Better such monument of green
 Than marble pile of king or queen."

—*Emma C. Dowd.*

For the Little Ones.

Susie M. Best.

(*An exercise for eight little children. The first and last stanzas are to be recited in concert; the others individually.*)

We are four little maids and four little men,
 And together we're just two less than ten;
 If you'll listen to us we'll try to say
 A word or two about trees to-day.

This is the root of the tree—you know
 If it had no root it could not grow.

This is the bark, I'm sure you see
 It is rough and hard as it can be.

This is a little branch—you'll find
 On every tree the selfsame kind.

Here are the leaves, when they appear
 We know that the lovely spring is near.

The top of the tree we call the crown,
 In summer it's green, in autumn, brown.

The leaves of the tree are its foliage.
 And the rings in the stem reveal its age.

The tree is worthy of our best care,
 For it takes a poison from the air.

For this alone it seems to me
 That all the world should love the tree.

We are four little maids and four little men,
 And together we're just two less than ten;
 If you listened, we're sure you heard us say
 A word or two about trees to-day.

The Violets.

As I was gathering violets in the snow
Methought how often, when the heart is low
And Nature grieves,
The bud of simple faith will meekly blow
'Neath frosted leaves.

—A. E. Hamilton.

Under the green hedges, after the snow,
There do the little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn, in soft, mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie,
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen—
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath
been.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

"I am the violet, and I dwell
Under the shade of the sweet heathbell;
Early, at dawning, it rings, and it rings,
To waken me, ere the redbreast sings.

I am happy, so happy, the live-long day;
For I love in my lowly home to stay;
And I know that the sunny days of spring
The love of the children to me will bring."

—*Selected.*

And now the dainty violets are crowding up to see
What welcome in this blustering world may chance for them to be;
They lift themselves on slender stems in every shaded place,
Heads over heads, all turned one way, wonder in every face.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Maples.

I seek not the gold that shines
In the depths of western mines,
For the sugar maples hold
In their hands a purer gold;
In coin I wade knee-deep,—
All mine, if I care to keep,
And a shower of ducats fall
At my very lightest call.

Who says that the wealth I own
Is surpassed by a glittering stone?
He feels not the mellow glow
Of these trembling leaves, I know,
Nor can he, by wildest guess,
Conceive what I possess!

—W. W. Bailey.

Many fingered maple
Spreads her palms on high,
Where the merry breezes
Reach and scatter by.

"Hurry! I will catch you,"
Maple shouts in glee,
While her dancing leaflets
Rustle on the tree.

—*Selected.*

"The lovely maple, fair is seen
Emerald robed, crowned sylvan queen."

—*Selected.*

Arbor Day Song.

Tune.—"Auld Lang Syne."

This day we go with spade and hoe
To plant Rhode Island's tree;
The maple bough that rustles now
In valley, wood, and lea,
That casts its shade o'er glen and glade,
Invites to peaceful rest;
And this shall be our chosen tree,
The tree that we love best.

Then let us go with spade and hoe,
And plant our tree so strong;
The robin's nest shall safely rest
Upon its boughs ere long;
And 'neath its bower the modest flower
Will bloom in fragrance sweet,
While summer weaves with moss and leaves
A carpet for her feet.

—M. A. B. Kelly, adapted

SONGS.

The Earth from Its Sleep is Awakening.

Tune.—"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

"The earth from its sleep is awaking,
The meadows are slow greening o'er,
The birds joyous music are making,
For springtime is coming once more.
All bleakly the winds have been blowing,
But winter must soon bid adieu,
The ice and the frost now are going,
And springtime is hastening to you.

(Repeat last two lines.)

"O now while the south winds are blowing,
While birds sing and loud hum the bees,
Forget that it ever was snowing,
And come plant with us the green trees.
Then softly the raindrops shall patter
The tender green leaflets to lave,
The bright drops above them they'll scatter;
O long may their green branches wave."

—*Popular Educator.*

Our Mothers Three.

Tune.—"Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Come now and raise a gladsome song to mother nature dear;
Again the flowers laugh in the fields, again the birds sing clear;
And we who love God's bright, fair world should let that love appear
On this glad Arbor Day.

CHORUS: Mother Nature, hear our singing;
Take the praises we are bringing;
May they swell, forever ringing,
As on this Arbor Day.

And let us too join hearts in praise of our dear native land,
Our mother country she, to whom we all pledge heart and hand,
A peerless queen she truly is; so may she ever stand
As on this Arbor Day.

CHORUS: Mother Country, hear our singing,
Take the praises we are bringing;
May they swell, forever ringing,
As on this Arbor Day.

And to our Alma Mater, our dear Mother School as well,
We sing to show our loyalty; we would her virtues tell;
She teaches us the truth of life; we pledge to heed them well,
On this glad Arbor Day.

CHORUS: Alma Mater, hear our singing;
Take the praises we are bringing;
May they swell, forever ringing,
As on this Arbor day.

Our school we love, our happy land, and nature's beauty rare,
Three mothers they, and in their weal we each have some true share;
So plant we trees, salute the flag, and faith and fealty swear,
On this glad Arbor Day.

CHORUS: Mother Nature, hear our singing;
Mother Country, love we're bringing;
Mother School, thy praise is ringing;
On this glad Arbor Day.

—*Vernon Purinton Squires, in New York Arbor Day Annual.*

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

HENRY RUSSELL,
GEORGE P. MORRIS

1. Wood· man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin·gle bough; In youth it shel·tered
 2. That old fa·mil·iar, tree, Its glo·ry and re·nown Are spread o'er land and
 3. When but an i·dle boy, I sought it; grateful shade; In all their gush·ing
 4. My heart strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild·bird

me; And I'll pro·tect it now; 'Twas my fore·fa·ther's hand, That
 sea, And would'st thou hew it down? Woodman, for·bear thy stroke! Cut
 joy, Here, too, my sis·ters played; My moth·er kissed me here; My
 sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave, And,

placed it near his cot, There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
 not its earth·bound ties; Oh! spare that a·ged oak, Now tow·ring to the skies.
 fa·ther pressed my hand, For·give this fool·ish tear, But let that old oak stand!
 woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

The Grand Old Trees.

Tune,—“*There's Music in the Air.*”

We love the grand old trees,—
 With the oak, their royal king,
 And the maple, forest queen,
 We to her our homage bring,
 And the elm with stately form,
 Long withstanding wind and storm,
 Pine, low whispering to the breeze,
 O we love the grand old trees!

We love the grand old trees,—
 The cedar bright above the snow,
 The poplar straight and tall,
 And the willow weeping low.

Butternut, and walnut too,
 Hickory so staunch and true,
 Basswood blooming for the bees,
 O we love the grand old trees!

We love the grand old trees,—
 The tulip branching broad and high,
 The beech with shining robe,
 And the birch so sweet and shy.
 Aged chestnuts, fair to see,
 Holly bright with Christmas glea,
 Laurel crown for victories,
 O we love the grand old trees!

—*Journal of Education.*

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